Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbraſſe*, who by a ſeal'd compact,
Well ratified by Law and Heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all theſe his lands
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of, to the Conquerour:
Againſt the which a moity competent
VVas gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbraſſe*,
Had he bin vanquiſht; as by the ſame co-mart,
And carriage of the Articles deſigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*: now ſir, young *Fortinbraſſe*,
Of unimproved metall, hot, and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there
Sharkt up a liſt of lawleſſe reſolutes,
For food and diet to ſome enterpriſe
That hath a ſtomacke in't, which no other
As it doth well appeare unto our ſtate,
But to recover of us by ſtrong hand
And tearmes compulſatory, thoſe foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt: and this I take it
Is the maine motive of our preparations,
The ſource of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this poſte haſte, and romeage in the land.
Bar. I thinke it be no other but even ſo:
VVell may it ſort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King
That was and is the queſtion of theſe warres.
Hora. A mote it is to trouble the mindes eye.
In the moſt high and palmy ſtate of Rome,
A little ere the mightieſt *Julius* fell,
The graves ſtood tenantleſſe, and the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueake and gibber in the Roman ſtreets,
As ſtarres with traines of fire, and dewes of blood,
Diſaſters in the ſunne, and the moiſt ſtarre,
Upon whoſe influence *Neptunes* Empire ſtands,
VVas ſicke almoſt to Doomeſday with eclipſe,

And

And even the like precurſe of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates
And Prologue to the *Omen* comming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonſtrated
Unto our Climatures and Countrimen.

Enter Ghoſt.

But ſoft, behold! lo where it comes againe,
Ile croſſe it though it blaſt me: Stay illuſion,
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speake to me: if there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee doe eaſe, and grace to me,
Speake to me.
If thou art privie to thy Countries fate,
Which happely foreknowing may avoid,
O ſpeake:
Or if thou haſt uphoorded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the wombe of earth,
For which they ſay your ſpirits oft walke in death,
Speake of it, ſtay and ſpeake; ſtop it *Marcellus*.
Mar. Shall I ſtrike it with my partiſan?
Hor. Doe if it will not ſtand.
Bar. 'Tis here.
Hor. 'Tis here.
Mar. 'Tis gone.
We doe it wrong, being ſo Majeſticall,
To offer it the ſhew of violence:
For it is as the aire, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.
Bar. It was about to ſpeake when the cocke crew.
Hor. And then it ſtarted, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearefull ſummons: I have heard,
The cocke, that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill ſounding throat
Awake the God of day; and at his warning,
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or aire,
Th'extravagant and erring ſpirit hyes
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This preſent object made probation.